

But, with a sneer, the ungrateful patient said,
 'Twas well I bit not off thy foolish head.
 What greater recompence can tyrants give?
 You ease my pain, I suffer you to live.

M O R A L.

There are a people who in fact
 Acknowledge not a friendly act;
 To all the virtues of mankind
 Alike insensible and blind:
 Whose friendship never hope t'invite
 Till you have wash'd the Æthiop white.



The MISER burying his Gold.

A Tradesman opulent and old,
 Of mean but honest birth,
 Turn'd all his best effects to gold,
 And hid it in the earth.
 Each morn as soon as he arose,
 He visited the spot,
 Counted it oft (as we suppose)
 But the main thing forgot.

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